

THE
BRITISH
WORTHIES.

A
POEM.

Vincit Amor Patriæ, Laudumque immensa Cupido.

Virg.

Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere Mundo.

Lucan.



L O N D O N :

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A
L I S T
O F T H E
N A M E S
O F T H E
N O B L E P E R S O N A G E S

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T H E
British WORTHIES.



A TIRE! be mute, decline thy baneful
 Views,
 And let more generous Subjects warm the
 Muse;
 Let her sublimer Principles pursue,
 And honest Praise dispense, where Praise is due;
 Free from base Party Spleen, or servile Awe,
 In Truth's fair Colours, candid let her draw
 THOSE, whose high Characters untainted stand,
 And throw a Lustre on the *British* Land.
 Here let the raptur'd Muse undaunted soar,
 And proudly tempt an Height, untry'd before.

Easy the Work of *Irony* and *Sneer*,
 'The *Verse* of *Gall*, the *Simile* severe;
 But hard the Task, strong Merit to commend,
 Nor wound by Zeal, nor by Applause offend.

Yet will I boldly grasp the dang'rous Theme,
 And first, Great *DEVONSHIRE*! demand thy Name,
 Which, barely mention'd, shall my Temples crown,
 And make my Wreaths immortal thro' thy own;
 What Son of *Phæbus* can successful be,
 Or unregarded sing, who sings of Thee?
 That o'er her weightiest Counsels you preside,
 We count it less *thy own* than *Britain's* Pride.
 When Souls like thine a modest Worth display,
 PRINCES, who mark it, but Heav'ns Will obey,
 To their own Glory are but wisely just,
 And share that Merit they promote to Trust.
 Charm'd let us view Thee, un aspiring, Great,
 And humbly suff'ring the Fatigues of State,
 A Patriot, free from ev'ry sordid End,
 Statesman accomplish'd — yet thy Country's Friend.

Thy ev'ry private Virtue should we scan,
 And lose the high *Patrician* in the *Man*,
 In That, thy noblest State, shall we behold
 Inform'd alike the Youthful and the Old,
 There, shall thy spotless Fame a Pattern shine,
 A Pledge of future Blessings from thy Line;

Thy

Thy Conduct shall a People's Hearts engage
To wish a *CAVENDISH* to ev'ry Age.

Next, to my Verse let *SOMERSET* give Weight,
Inspire the Muse, as he adorns the State,
Who neither Empire's Bounties seeks, or wears,
But yet for *BRUNSWICK*'s Int'rest gives his Cares;
Who nobly throws precarious Honours down,
And on his own Foundation, builds Renown,
Whose publick Spirit, warrantably vain,
Would show *Britannia*'s Grandeur in his Train,
Whose large Revenues all unhoarded roll,
Yet faintly speak the Largeness of his Soul,
Whose Charities, diffus'd in lavish Store,
Can need no stronger Heralds than the Poor.
From hence, content, high Peer! thy Glories bring,
And grace alike thy Country, and thy King;
Leave to remotest Times thy Greatness known,
And dread no other Rival than the *Throne*.

And now, Oh *DORSET*! chearful let me pay
To thy fair Fame a tributary Lay;
The Lyre should to the strongest Notes be strung,
And boldest be it's Strokes, when *DORSET*'s sung.
In Thee assembled, wond'ring do we trace
Each sev'ral Virtue of the *SACKVILLE* Race;
O'er Ages past our blest Advantage see,
And all thy great Forefathers clasp in Thee;

Thy

Thy great Endowments raptur'd do we prize,
 And read Thee over thro' our *SOV'REIGN*'s Eyes;
 In the high Station which you bear, behold
 Suits without Bribes, and Benefits unfold;
 From Thee, impartial, no Preferments gain'd,
 But by that Title which thy own attain'd;
 A Title, which great Minds alone will make,
 And which adds Value to the Gift they take.

Forgive the Muse that calls thus faintly forth,
 And in so short a Compass, *SACKVILLE*'s Worth:
 To do a *DORSET* Justice, *Prior*'s Strain
 Must speak a Nation's Sentiments again,
 Again his Debt of Gratitude declare,
 And thank the *FATHER*'s Bounty thro' his *HEIR*;
 Indulgent on her present Daring smile,
 And lend her Courage to attend *ARGYLL*.

ARGYLL, a Name by no false Trumpet blown;
 But in the Field of Battle early known,
 Whose youthful Feats old Chiefs at Distance cast,
 And when scarce reach'd to Manhood, Man surpass;
 To him, what Wreaths should by the Muse be brought,
 Whose boundless Valour is his glorious Fault?
 Who like a Tempest rushes to the Fight,
 Whene'er the Summons is *Britannia*'s Right;
 Who, too regardless of a Life so dear,
 Makes his fond Country, while he conquers, fear;

Dread,

Dread, her Successes she'll too forely rue,
If lost her *Soldier*, and her *Patriot* too.

Nor dare I, *MONTAGU*! thy Praise refrain,
And let thy ev'ry Virtue blaze in vain;
To *Britain* 'twere an Insult, should she see,
Amidst her worthiest Sons, unnoted Thee:
To name, for Wealth and Rank, thy envy'd State,
Are Trifles thy own Soul disdains to rate;
Let Fools *Hereditary* Grandeur prize;
Grandeur *thus* gain'd, looks little to the Wife;
On Him a Nation's first Regard attend,
Whom each ennobled Science calls a Friend:
Here, *MONTAGU*! let generous Spirits shine;
This is true Glory, and this Glory, Thine.

Are These the only *CHIEFS*, my Numbers claim?
And, Oh *GODOLPHIN*! shall I lose thy Name?
For ever, *Phæbus*! blasted be my Bays,
If, on this Subject, silent are my Lays.
The Realm's Revenues, when just *ANNA* reign'd,
Did thy great *SIRE* direct with Hands untain'd?
His private Fortune nobly could he boast
Unmended by the *tempting*, *gainful* Post?
Did jarring Parties in his Praise agree?
As strong's their Union in their Love for Thee.
Nor view such Honours with too modest Eyes,
Or by Another's Worth suspect you rise,

A Nation's Fondness be too proud to take,
 As but mere Bounty for thy FATHER's Sake ;
 An honest Pride from self-rai'd Trophies own,
 And shew Thour't not his *Debtor*, tho' his *Son*.

And shall great *STRAFFORD* not adorn my Page,
 Alone, an ample Treasure for an Age ?
 Whom two *bright Reigns*, from frequent Trusts, have found
 In the *Camp* Vig'rous, as in *Council* Sound,
 Whom *WILLIAM* did with early Honours crown,
 And left to *ANNE*, to finish his Renown ;
 In Foreign Courts, whose Wisdom, and Address
 Ne'er fail'd t'assure his *Embassy's* Success ;
 Who in his Country's Quarrel nobly fir'd,
 With the same Warmth his gen'rous *HOUSE* inspir'd,
 And saw, with *Roman* Eyes, on *Flandria's* Plain,
 Rich Sacrifice ! two *Gallant Brothers* slain.
 Think not, true Patriot ! that *Britannia* views
 Her *STRAFFORD*, less enamour'd, than the Muse ;
 She scans her darling *WENTWORTH* o'er and o'er,
 And at each Look reveres the Name the more :
 If, for thy Kindred's Loss, her Tears are flow
 In their sad Duty, and forbear to flow,
 The Blame on *STRAFFORD*, not on *Britain* lay,
STRAFFORD, who takes her Cause of Grief away,
 Who, in the *SENATE*, all his *Line* supplies,
 And only calls for Transport from her Eyes.

To our blest Realm is *CHESTERFIELD* unknown,
In whom bright Wisdom's Seeds are richly sown?
Whose Morning Pride of Life bids *Britain* see
With Joy Prophetick, what his Noon will be,
For *whose* Assistance in their deep Debates,
BRUNSWICK receives the Thanks of *Belgia's* States?
Resentful would our Isle his Absence take,
Did she not spare him for his Country's Sake.
Ne'er be it *Britain's* or the Muse's Fate,
To want, (when nobler Worlds shall claim him late)
A Son so glorious, and a Theme so great.

Does *THANET* from the busy World retreat?
And not a Muse attend his rural Seat?
Does he all Pomp reject, all Noise exclude?
The Muse should wait on virtuous Solitude;
Let him to Grottoes or to Streams repair,
The Muse should be his proud Companion There,
Truths to his deathless Honour should reveal,
Truths which himself alone can dare conceal,
Throw all his humble Virtues into Light,
And do him Justice, in his own Despight,
Draw with her strongest Paint, and nicest Art,
The *Peer's*, the *Patriot's*, and the *Briton's* Heart,
To his each Worth devote a grateful Strain,
And shew, he strives to be obscure in vain.

If firm Attachment to the PUBLICK WEAL,
 A Length of Service, with the warmest Zeal,
 Extensive Knowledge of *it's* Int'rests, join'd
 To steady Councils, and a dauntless Mind,
 A Soul, that can the highest *Posts* disdain,
 If call'd not by his *Duty*, but the *Gain*,
 That scorns to flourish by a Realm's Distress,
 And only shews the *Patriot* — to Excess,
 If these are Merits loudly recommend,
 Who can be *TOWNSHEND's* Foe, that's *BRITAIN's*
 Friend?

Could *England* valiant *TORRINGTON* forget,
 Yet *Spain* would still remember her Defeat,
 And mourn his Courage, in her shatter'd Fleet. }
 What, tho' with haughty Pride, she seems to dare
BRITANNIA's MONARCH to renew the War,
 With Rashness, Pride, and Fury tho' inflam'd,
 She shudders still, when *TORRINGTON* is nam'd.

Here, as his Right, a Place let *LONSDALE* find,
 Nor to his Worth the Muse alone be blind ;
 As You set out, proceed, Illustrious Youth !
 Unsway'd by Int'rest from the Cause of Truth ;
 The Maxims of thy vernal Years preserve,
 Nor from thy own strong Sense inglorious swerve,
 Then bid the Muse with Extasy preface,
 Thy Name shall live the Theme of ev'ry Age.

Ha !

Ha! whence this Check to my Poetick Flame?
 What, stands the Muse abash'd at *CART'RET*'s Name?
 Has he establish'd a Renown so great,
 The Lyre with Shame declines th' unequal Weight?
 Is it too much, Oh *CART'RET*! that we see
 All the big Souls of *Greece* and *Rome* in Thee?
 Would'it Thou in Verse appear, let *PHILIPS*' Pen
 Draw the best Virtues of the best of Men,
 And, in one glorious *British Worthby*, blend
 The *Statesman*, *Patriot*, *Scholar*, and the *Friend*.
 And what to paint, e'en *PHILIPS* is too weak,
 Let *IRELAND*'s present Tears, and *BRITAIN*'s Tran-
 sports speak.

In vain his Name shall high-born *ARRAN* boast?
 In the Misfortunes of his *House* be lost?
 No, 'tis the Muse's Duty to pursue
 Merit, where'er 'tis lodg'd, with Praises due;
 A *Brother*'s Fall with tend'rest Heart he shares,
 Yet with a loyal, manly Patience bears;
 Tho' That he views with Nature's pitying Eye,
 A Subject's Duty is his stronger Tie.

Still thy bold Task ambitious Muse! pursue,
 Let *GOW'R* stand next confess'd to *Britain*'s View;
 Envy furveys him o'er and o'er in vain,
 To feast her Eyes with some dishonest Stain;

Fruitless her Search, He shines Thro'out, so bright,
 She flies, with gnashing Rage, the wounding Sight,
 Bids his each Merit, unmolested, beam,
 And lend each *British* Bard a sep'rate Theme.

This LIST let *BATHURST* close ; a generous Name,
 That should the Muse's warmest Numbers claim ;
 What Praise should this distinguish'd Chief attend ?
BATHURST, his Country's, and the Muse's Friend ?
 The pleasing Name with Raptures she repeats,
 And the too arduous Theme reluctant quits.

These are *Britannia's* PEERS ; a laurel'd Band,
 Whose Conduct, while it guards, adorns the Land,
 Who well may dare to bid their Native Isle,
 By ev'ry Foreign Realm unrival'd, smile.

Yet think not Muse ! that here conclude thy Strains,
 Another glorious Labour still remains,
 The *WORTHIES* of an humbler Rank to praise,
 Who, tho' in lower Spheres their Virtues blaze,
 In their great Souls as strong an Ardour feel,
 And serve their Country with as warm a Zeal.

This *Patriot* NUMBER let lov'd *ON SLOW* lead,
 And, as in *SENATE*, in my Verse, be *HEAD*,
 Who, to the Energy of solid Sense
 Joins the persuasive Charms of Eloquence,

Preserves

Preserves the sprightly Vigour of his Prime,
And hoary Wisdom gains before it's Time,
Who, ever in Debates impartial stood,
Sway'd by no Maxim, but *BRITANNIA*'s Good.
Surely a Nation's Sense he well may speak,
For whom a Nation's Praises are too weak.

Ardent the Muse should next to *STANHOPE* spring,
Did she not pause which Merit first to sing;
Did she not doubt, whilst, doating on his Name,
His Country to *them both* allows his Claim,
Which Character would most adorn her Lays,
The *honest Statesman*'s, or the *Hero*'s Praise.

Who, that befriends the Generous, Good, or Wise,
Can look on *PULT' NET* with malignant Eyes?
On *Him*, who, in each lovely Light confest,
Braves his worst Foes, and bares his virtuous Breast,
As *Britons* ought, to *Britain*'s Weal adheres,
Her Glory the sole Study of his Years?
Ne'er was there Poet yet, whose Numbers drew
A stronger Judgment, or an Heart more true.

Whom, but his *modest Self*, shall I offend,
But *METHUEN*, *Britain*'s long experienc'd Friend,
Nam'd I the Pride with which She sent *him* forth,
That Foreign Realms might see his early Worth,

Who,

Who, saw, admir'd, and grudg'd our happy Land
The Boast of *such a Genius* at Command?

Shall *W A D E*, with Martial Honours largely crown'd,
In this illustrious *R O L L* be unrenown'd?
Thro' *Scotia* shall his bloodless Triumphs ring?
And yet an *English Muse* be slow to sing?
Tho' stern, when heading the embatt'led Host,
The softer Passions are his noblest Boast.
When heard his Peril on the boist'rous *Lake*,
Who did not for the *Friend*, as well as *Soldier*, quake?

Let *B E R T I E*'s steadfast Worth my Strains refuse,
And make his Country's general Voice his Muse;
Whilst of *AUGUSTA*'s Trading Sons, the Name
Of solid *BARNARD* is the darling Theme;
Whilst graceful to our View doth *MORPETH* stand,
And *SANDYS*' Virtues swell the Noble Band.

Here, like the *Delphian* Prophets, inspir'd
With Extasies too fierce, quite faint, and tir'd,
In Pity, let the Muse a Respite ask,
And leave to abler Bards a grateful Task,
Britain's remaining *WORTHIES* to rehearse,
And with *their* deathless Names immortalize their Verse.

F I N I S.